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Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

A SWEEPING SUCCESS.

Cassadaga Camp Commends the Labors of the National Constitutional Liberty League.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

At the conference, August 5th, the subject was "Medical Legislation," and the Cassadaga Camp struck a sturdy and intelligent blow at religious and medical bigotry and for constitutional liberty. By invitation Mr. J. Winfield Scott, Secretary of the National Constitutional Liberty League, Boston, Mass., briefly reviewed the history, success, and present purposes of that useful organization. He said substantially, "That grand old man, Prof. J. Rhodes Buchanan—may he live yet many years to bless humanity—was one of the founders and has ever been the honored president of our National League. It was legally incorporated primarily, to restore and maintain the constitutional liberty of citizens of this land of liberty (2) to employ whomsoever they will to treat or heal them, and incidentally to prevent the unjust enforcement of old and the enactment of new medical monopoly laws; because they increase fees, rob rich and poor alike, prevent progress, infringe constitutional liberty and are against public policy in that they jeopardize public health."

I would not waste the time or question the intelligence of Spiritualists reciting the abundant, flagrant, and too apparent evils of medical monopoly and regular practice, but will say a word concerning the good of medical liberty and reform practice.

It is our good fortune to live in a paradise—what the old foggy doctors delight in calling 'a paradise of quacks,' the cultured Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is a paradise of health and has been ever since it repealed its medical monopoly laws thirty-five years ago.

"After this Eden of quackery had flourished thirteen years that great regular, Dr. Jarvis, President of the Statistical Society, stated that 'Life is increasing, not only in duration but in power and vigor now more than ever.'

"After thirty years of medical liberty and reform practice, a distinguished president of a leading Boston Life Insurance Company, deliberately declared that 'the effect of this free lance system of quacks in this Commonwealth, is that, 'Life is longer than it was forty years ago, and no year in the last thirty has failed to show a gain on the table of mortality.' 'According to Shattuck's statement (which is recognized authority) the deaths from 1738 to 1752 in Boston (before God ordained the healers of the nation) says the Hon. George M. Stearns, 'were one in 21.65 of the population. Now,' he exclaims 'it is one in forty-two.' So that quackery (medical liberty) has reduced the death-rate one-half."

"In the hope of persuading other States to emulate the worthy example of Massachusetts, our National League has set about raising ten thousand dollars to be economically expended in creating and controlling a public sentiment that will demand the repeal of medical monopoly laws and result in a reduction of the death rate at least one-half."

"If this vitally necessary and transcendently important reform is to be realized, efficient workers, persuasive speakers, and able attorneys must be employed, halls engaged, meetings advertised, speeches reported and printed, literature distributed, sympathizing societies and newspapers interested and actively enlisted, the expenses of voluntary workers and speakers paid, petitions printed, distributed, and circulated—in short a vigorous, systematic, indefatigable, irresistible campaign conducted in behalf of public health, medical freedom, and reform practice and constitutional liberty."

"It is safe to say that every Spiritualist in the United States is deeply interested in the success of such a commendable crusade, but, 'What is every body's business is nobody's business.' We make this work our especial business and attribute the uninterrupted success of our National League to that fact and the invariable policy of ample providing in advance for all possible emergencies and expenses."

"Notwithstanding the financial flurry, we have during June and July secured conditional subscriptions, amounting to nearly seven thousand dollars. For instance, a lady in Providence, Rhode Island, volunteered to contribute five dollars per month for one year, providing any other person gave an equal amount. A gentleman in Boston tendered us ten dollars per month providing any person would give a like amount and cordially added that if more money was necessary he would cheerfully increase his pledge to five hundred dollars. Another Bostonian agreed to give ten dollars per week for one year, providing any two would give five dollars per week. Still another Bostonian pledged fifteen dollars per week for one year, providing any three persons would give a similar sum. A citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., agreed to pay and is paying five dollars per week upon our personal pledge that we would undertake to secure and expend ten thousand dollars judiciously in this work. A Bostonian who has annually given hundreds, and some years thousands to reinforce and extend the labors of our league has offered us five thousand dollars payable when we have realized five thousand dollars. We promptly accepted his princely proposition and have already secured nearly two thousand dollars. Why not raise the remaining three thousand dollars right here and now? One healer in Buffalo has pledged five dollars per month for one year. A druggist in Buffalo has pledged eight dollars per month for one year. Another healer in Buffalo ten dollars per month for one year. While others healers and Spiritualists in this audience have pledged one, two, and three dollars per month for one year."

"There are enough mediums, healers, and well-to-do Spiritualists who owe their hope and their health to mediums and healers to easily contribute the remaining three thousand dollars. Will you do it? Who will accept by duplicating the above conditional voluntary pledges? We also want the names, addresses, and occupation of all persons who will volunteer to improve favorable opportunities to write and speak upon the subject and receive and distribute league literature, and circulate petitions. Again we ask who will volunteer and contribute, enabling us to draw the conditional five thousand dollars pledged?"

"Thanking you, friends, for this patient hearing and the generous management for its courtesy, cordial hospitality, and co-operation, I gladly make way for those whom I know we shall all be delighted to hear."

Mr. Scott was followed by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of

Chicago; Rev. W. W. Hicks, of New York; Hon. O. P. Kellogg, of Sandance, Wyoming; Mrs. Lillian Hilber, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Willard J. Hull, Buffalo, N. Y.; and George P. Colby, Lake Helen, Fla., in addresses which were repeatedly and enthusiastically applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra addition of a double number of *The Cassadaga* containing these eloquent thunderbolts for wide-spread distribution. Meanwhile the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

A Strike for Liberty.

Synopsis of speeches in support of the labors of the National Constitutional Liberty League, delivered at Cassadaga Camp, August 5, 1893.

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, OF CHICAGO.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: No argument is needed in an assemblage of this kind to convince you of the importance of the measure proposed by Mr. Scott.

You who believe in the healing influence of nature and of the spirit world never can sit silently by and submit to the legislation that will deprive you of one of your natural "inalienable" rights. The medical laws recently enacted in nearly all the States of the Union are clearly unconstitutional. They are legislation for a "class." As well might the laws compel you to employ a lawyer, instead of settling your difficulty with your neighbor, or force you into court instead of allowing you to have recourse to arbitration; as will compel you to purchase merchandise of some particular firm or class of dealers; as will oblige you to worship God, or have the last funeral rites performed by some especial denominational religionists, as to compel the calling in of a physician of any "regular" school, merely because he (or the only lately she) has a diploma.

It would be well enough to adopt this method of legalizing the practice of medicine and compelling every one to employ a physician if a Chinese law were also adopted, i. e., that every physician who loses a patient should be put to death. As at the present time, nine-tenths of those who do die (physically) are under the charge of a "regular" physician, the race of doctors would soon become extinct.

At a meeting of the committee appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts at Boston to inquire into the merits of a proposed bill to be passed or rejected by that body some few years ago, your present speaker was one of those called upon to address the committee. So large was the meeting that the Hall of Representatives was thrown open for the discussion. There were the "bone-setters" of Rhode Island, affably naturally endowed with the "gift" or "genius" of mending and setting broken and dislocated limbs and joints—a gift that had descended from father to son for many generations; there were the middle aged and elderly practitioners of every school of medicine; there were the so-called "quacks" and healers, magnetic, electric, and spiritual. And the ablest addresses against any legislation restricting the people in their choice of remedial agencies were made by the regular practitioners. "Why," said one eminent allopathic physician, "the longer I live the more do I know that the claims of therapeutics as a science are utterly false. There is no such science, it is all experiment." Of course, it is experiment. Anatomy is a science, physiology is a science; but the realm of therapeutics is one of experiment based upon symptoms and changing with every decade.

The physician can see the surface of the body, can determine its condition and temperature, can count the pulsations of the heart per minute; but he can not see the cause of the symptom as a seer or clairvoyant can, or reach that cause as a healer can. Not only is legislation encroaching steadily upon your liberties day by day in compelling the employment of a "regular" physician, but there is a proposition to carry it still farther.

Out in Illinois, where your present speaker resides, and where the greatest spectacle of the world's enlightenment is now occurring, there is a place called "Egypt," the dark country, so named because of the primal obscurity of the early inhabitants. Near to "Egypt" is the capital of the State, and thither vie the politicians, the lobbyists, and the "classes" who have political axes to grind. People in Chicago and elsewhere in the State are too busy making money to see to it that no unconstitutional laws are enacted. Most of these measures go by default, the people do not appear—are not represented. When this "class" legislation occurred in Illinois, it first appeared in the simple and unaffected guise of "a bill to protect the interests of the medical fraternity" or words to that effect. Other States have passed similar laws to "protect the people;" but, out there the true inwardness of the measure was unwittingly declared. All this kind of legislation is to protect the medical schools and their graduates—the "regular" M.D.'s.

We believe that a man has the right to die according to the dictates of his own conscience as well as worship in that way. If he chooses to die a natural death instead of a scientific one (possibly at the hands of an M. D.) he has a right to do so. Now, the doctors wish to monopolize all the "healing agencies"—electricity, magnetism, hypnotism, water, air, sunshine—all are placed under restriction by these law-protected M.D.'s. Out in California where the medical laws had passed and were thought to be enforced, a magnetic healer was arrested for administering "remedial agencies" without a diploma. He chose to conduct his own case, acting without a lawyer; but aided, no doubt, by other intelligences from without. He examined and cross-examined the witnesses brought forward by the prosecution. These witnesses were mostly M.D.'s. He asked, "Do you admit the existence of magnetism?" "Certainly." "Of electricity?" "Certainly." "Of fresh air?" "Certainly." "Of sunshine?" "Certainly." "And you consider these are remedial agencies?" "Most certainly." "Then," said the magnetic healer, "if a lady faints and one opens the window to admit the air, or a glass of water is given to one who is swooning without consulting a physician, it is a violation of the medical law."

The judge saw the absurdity of the proposition and dismissed the case with costs, saying, "The law as interpreted by the prosecution in this case is clearly unconstitutional. It is equally unconstitutional in all cases. A mother may not soothe her baby by a touch of her hand, or administer as your mothers and grandmothers did the innocent catnip tea without violating the rights and privileges of these monopolists of the healing agencies of the universe."

One blessing has been wrought by "faith cure," "mind-cure," "metaphysics," "Christian Science," etc.—if no other—the people have been turned away from poisonous drugs and nostrums to seeking and finding aid in the true "remedial agencies" of nature. And Spiritualism with its gift of healing has convinced thousands and tens of thousands that the true power of healing is not in any prescribed system of medicine, but may be a gift divine and perfect from the skies. Until medical science is perfect, until human disease and death from disease are exterminated by a perfect system of *materia medica*, no legislation can be just that binds people to employ a physician unless it is their choice.

Even were there a perfect and exact science of medicine as there is of mathematics, a compulsory adoption of its methods by legal enactment would be clearly unconstitutional. We hope this measure will be fully discussed, that the justice and necessity for repealing this obnoxious law will be fully seen, and that you will aid this gentleman and his advocates in waging a war which we hope will be successful

ful against this and all other forms of class and unconstitutional legislation.

REV. W. W. HICKS, OF NEW YORK.

The subject commends itself to my judgment and co-operation. The law already referred to as having been passed in N. Y., is an infringement on the rights of many of our fellow citizens, is contrary to the spirit of the constitution, of outrage, and ought to be repealed. Of course, we do not mean by this that any class of persons should be turned loose unsafely to exercise the power of the healing art, without ability, endorsement, and without responsibility.

Without going in to the subject of Christian Science or mental healing, or by whatever name it may be called, it must be admitted and is universally believed that among the many spiritual gifts bequeathed to the worthy, and consecrated the gift of healing is of divine origin. Therefore this question is not new one. From the beginning, these divine gifts have been discounted and outlawed in every civilization; yet we know that by word and touch and look, and by the exercise of human wills, many ills have been removed and the sick in body and mind have been cured. The power exercised by the Christ, who opened the ears of the deaf and the eyes of the blind, in addition to the assuaging of the sorrows of the human heart, was also exercised by his disciples before and after his death. The regulars of that day and time opposed his right to heal by the touch of his hands and the words of his lips, as now they deny the right of his followers. The blind man who was restored to sight was questioned critically by the Pharisees, and the name of Jesus was scandalized and his life was threatened because he dared to restore the sight to one who had been born blind—in an uncredited way. When the poor man was questioned with the hope of being made a witness against his benefactor, he exclaimed that he knew not whence he came or by what authority he opened his eyes. "You must ask him, yet this one thing I do know; I was blind, but since he touched me I see." The healing power exerted by the followers and disciples of Christ was quite extraordinary. Peter, passing by on the street where the sick lay on either side, touched them, and they were healed. Every touch of this consecrated man brought healing and vitality. Of course, this was contrary to the opinions, regulations, and laws of society. These acts violated the proprieties, and the regular physicians of that day and time, no doubt, exercised their authority and power to stop this irregular, unorthodox crusade against the evils of society. What I want to say in conclusion is this, that these powers perfectly accord with the laws of nature, and that these divine gifts have not been withdrawn from humanity, but are still realized by the truly consecrated and spiritualized. The divinity of those who are thus consecrated may and should expend itself along all responsive lines, that humanity may be brought and preserved under healing influence and grace. The prayer of the faithful, the sympathy of the loved, the desire and will of the consecrated, and the touch of the hand, moved by inspiration and good will, must have healing, grace, and power, and to say that these gifts and functions shall not be exercised, and that they are the destroyers of the peace of human society is to deny the divine life in humanity and the holiest functions of the human soul. It would be the denial and the repudiation of the Christ power and the Christ preserver and the Christ life which we are to exemplify and illustrate. I therefore indorse the movement referred to and would join my voice to the utterance of a solemn protest against the outrage and injustice perpetrated and threatened.

MR. O. P. KELLOGG.

This school of healing which we represent belongs to the divine, it is humanity's rights and privileges, and the rights of the people. If we could have a school right here at Cassadaga for the education of spiritualistic healing, and some experienced angel who had been in spirit life for ages could take the seat of presidency, what wonderful results would go out to the world!

Through mediumship is growing a knowledge of the divine law. By and by they will call it psychic God, by whose breath the people are healed. And what is this healing, this touch of the hands, this breath of the better life? It is the spirit upon the flesh restoring to life and health after the physicians have pronounced the flickering flame nearly expired. When Jesus of Nazareth passed by he restored the diseased, the sick, by a touch. Expect to see the divine gift melt the hearts of the infidel, the law-makers, and the scoffers in general. It is high time for the people to protest and raise the warning finger toward the legislature. I object to these senseless laws injuring our liberty. If the contents of all the drug-stores in the country were dumped back of the auditorium you would see all the doctors from near and far with their dippers dipping up calomel, blue pills, quinine, castor oil, bone set, rubarb, and hartsbort. Then some doctor would take a few grains of quinine on a pen-knife and send it down your gullet into your stomach and charge you two dollars.

If Jesus of Nazareth were on earth to day healing the blind and curing the sick, some old saw-bones would want to know if he had a certificate, and if he possessed a diploma. This is a free country and every man should have his liberty. If you sent for a D. D. instead of an M. D., he would ask you where you had been nights and would immediately prescribe repentance; the Baptist would give you a dose of water; the Presbyterian would proclaim foreordination; Methodists would say repent and believe; Spiritualists would give you a glimpse of your grand-mother at fifty cents a head. So I have almost made up my mind that there is quackery everywhere. I will quote some of the sayings from learned doctors. Prof. Gross, of the Medical College of Louisville, Ky., says, "Of the essence of disease very little is known—indeed, nothing at all." Dr. Bailey, of England, says, "I have no faith whatever in medicine." Again Prof. Parker, says, "Hygiene is of more value in the treatment of disease than drugs." Prof. Valentine Mott says, "Of all science, medicine is most uncertain." Dr. Marshall Hall says, "Thousands are annually slaughtered in the quiet sick-room." And so they are. Sir Anthony Cooper says, "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture improved by murder." That is what they say and still want to be protected. Dr. Abernethy, of London, says, "There has been a great increase of medical men of late; but upon my life, disease has increased in proportion." Again, Dr. James Johnson says, "I declare it is my conscientious conviction founded on long experience and observation, if there were not a single physician, surgeon, a man mid-wife, chemist, apothecary, druggist, or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevails." This is the highest medical authority in the world and these fellows want to pass a law to protect them. Again, Prof. Clark states, "In their zeal to do good, physicians have done much harm; they have hurried thousands to the grave who would have recovered if left to nature." Again, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, says, "It is impossible to calculate the mischief which Hippocrates has done by first marking nature with his name, and afterward letting her loose on sick people."

If I had time I could read to you a couple of hours from the high authority of this medical world.

GEORGE B. COLBY, LAKE HELEN, FLA.

The evidence and benefits of spiritual and magnetic healing are so apparent and overwhelming, it seems passing strange that intelligent legislators should, for one moment, entertain a proposition to proscribe it.

I will simply narrate a few instances that came under my personal observation. Several years ago, while residing in the State of Iowa, there was a man about middle age, who had what was called falling sickness, and who had exhausted every means in that part of the country. He was told that by a medium that the cause of his trouble was partial fracture of the skull, which had caused an enlargement of the bone which made a depression on the brain. At first he did not believe it was true, but finally went to Chicago and consulted another medium there, who diagnosed the case exactly as the

former medium had. It was with considerable effort that they finally prevailed upon a surgeon to remove the bone; but, after doing so, he was well, and is to the present day.

One of the most remarkable healers that I know of is Paul Carter, of Iowa. I knew a man that had some trouble with his stomach and had spent a great deal of money in doctoring, but failed to find relief. He went to see Paul Carter who cured him immediately. Another instance of this medium's wonderful powers was of a man in Iowa who was afflicted with a disease of the muscles of the knee. After consulting many doctors they said there was no help for him. He consulted this magnetic healer, who, by making a few passes over the knee, cured him.

Judge Rosecrantz's grand daughter, who, from birth, had been in ill health and crippled, and who was constantly under medical treatment, but never helped, was finally placed under the care of a medical healer who restored her to perfect health. She finally passed to spirit life, but from another cause.

A physician in Lake Mills, Iowa, who could not read correctly a quarter column in a newspaper, added a petition and worked vigorously with the legislature to pass laws prohibiting, under great penalty, the practice of all healing outside of the medical fraternity.

A family who had lost two children by diphtheria, called me in to sit up with the third who was pronounced by the attending physician to be in a dying condition. In fact, the doctor said the little sufferer could not survive the night. We decided to hold a circle and see if our spirit friends could not do something for the child. They told us to pass our hands over the child's body, which was done a few times, and immediately the child spoke its mother's name and moved its hands and feet. By dawn the child had so greatly improved that all called it a miracle; but this and the final recovery was credited to the doctor. I might relate innumerable cases similar to these that Spiritualists have been engaged in, but think this will be quite sufficient.

WILLARD J. HULL.

I want to say that I think that it is well enough now that my pen and voice in the past have identified me with the purpose and object of the movement of this character, and I am in sympathy with it; having had some experience with the sensuousness of the medical fraternity. In all ages of the past liberty has been on the defense and it is our duty to defend liberty in all that the term implies. Truth perhaps may not need defense, she only asks for a hearing; though she be crushed, she will rise again. The old adage, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" applies to-day as forcibly as it ever did. The immortal La Salle said, "Where liberty reigns the tyrant seeks to slay her." We want liberty and independence in the employment of those who are to minister to us in any of the affairs of life. I do not want to be compelled to employ the service of a physician to doctor me. I must have the same liberty to die, if need be as to live. I must have the same liberty to employ the physician, who, to me, represents the best school of practice as well as to employ that lawyer, who, to me, is most acceptable. Error and falsehood always need protection, were the cross true no sword would ever have been required to defend it. It is because principles ought to stand that we are required to sustain them.

My observation has been that the most successful practitioner or wise physician is the last one to ask for protection or for a monopoly. We are cursed with class legislation, we are legislated to death in certain lines, false lines. You voters of Chautauque County had in Mr. Vedder a fair representative who did his duty and never was guilty of advocating measures that debarrad another's rights. Some of the goody goodies of the county learned that he did not have a good moral character, whatever that may mean, so they turned down Mr. Vedder and elected a preacher by the name of Edwards. Now a preacher in politics is like a ball in a China shop, they always create a disturbance. The first thing this man did, and the worst thing, was to advocate a measure, which, if it had been passed would have bottled up every medium in the State, and would have destroyed the purpose, and the work of this association, and Cassadaga would have, of necessity, become a thing of the past. These are matters that have to be looked after, and let this experience stimulate Spiritualists. Protests will not effect a cure. Protests cure these matters just as a mustard poultice cures dyspepsia, that is to say, they do not. Your relief, as well as your weapon, lies in the ballot. If the people of this State or this county desire to have a judiciary or the militia serve them, they must see to it, that they put into office men who will represent and protect their interests and execute their demands. A great fear has arisen that in the pardon of a few fanatics by Gov. Altgeld of Illinois that the work of the anarchists will be given a new lease. There is no danger to be apprehended from that source. The anarchists are looking out after the fool judges and the infamous lawyers leagued with plutocracy, who are daily blinding justice with more deadly poison than the bomb that was thrown into Haymarket seven years ago. Legislation should be reduced to a minimum and that minimum should have for its object the betterment of the whole mass as against the betterment of a few individuals. And I repeat that this is no time for protest; it is time for action in medical freedom, liberty, and in all other matters. You are to think and act.

St. Louis, Mo.

A very interesting contest occurred on the 10th inst. at Hagan Opera House between Jules Wallace and Prof. Tyndal, the mind-reader, who proposed to expose Wallace and show that the spiritual phenomena of Wallace was due to mind-reading.

A large audience of 1,000 people greeted them. It was a great triumph for Spiritualism. Wallace gave his signal tests, and Prof. Tyndal did well as a mind-reader; but as an exposé of Spiritualism it was a flat failure. In fact, before any fair and unprejudiced mind it confirmed this great science, for Wallace gave his tests from the platform at long distances from his subjects, and even gave the mind-reader excellent tests, one especially, a conversation he had with a newspaper here, disclosing a very discreditable conspiracy to expose him by hiring a lot of toughs and thugs to act as confederates. Tyndal, who, outside of this conspiracy, appeared to be a fair man, admitted this conversation which he had in the office of the paper. The conspiracy was further confirmed by the presence of the toughs who almost precipitated a riot. The Professor could only read minds by taking hold of the subject's hands and requesting the concentration of his mind on the object sought for.

Another great and decided distinction is, as was shown here. The Spiritualist tells where he obtained his information or knowledge and gives names and incidents in proof. The mind reader cannot tell from whence they come, only sees the results without knowing the source.

One of the worst reminders of this great contest was when the orthodox part of the audience found themselves fooled, they vent their rage in calling Wallace a demon or devil, showing to thinking minds the tendencies of the devotees of that horrible superstition on unevincenced belief in a burning hell. Had they not their power checked by our better civilization, they would have mobbed him, torn him to pieces and brought us face to face with the dark ages. This incident, taken with the late efforts of many legislatures to enact laws to imprison mediums, maps out, as I wrote in a previous article, our great work for the happiness and good of mankind. And the great work of Wallace here will soon command their admiration and gratitude and send his name rolling down the ages. He has sent St. Louis to the front in the study of this great knowledge, giving it such a momentum that it will now sweep onward to universality.

J. W. COOPER.

The Rev. J. A. Zahn, in a Church paper, claims "for the age of the human race a period that covers nearly ten thousand years." There's more heresy in the air.

THE MIRACLE OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS:

The Evidence of the Supernatural in History.

I arrived at Orleans on Saturday evening, June 24, 1893. At midday I had read the inscription on the wreath affixed to the well known statue of Jeanne d'Arc in Paris, proclaiming that Jeanne had been burnt as a heretic by the Bishop of Beauvais, on May 31st, 1431. The motive of the reference was obvious. To honor the Maid of Orleans was well but to have a flag at the Church was better. I was destined, however, to find at Orleans a still more remarkable illustration of the tendency in modern France to make the career of the Maid of Orleans the battle-ground of contending factions.

Sunday, the 1st of June, was one of the glorious days which have been so numerous this summer. The great Cathedral was crowded in the morning with a congregation of which about one sixth were men. The service, choral throughout, was exquisitely beautiful. How marvelous, that with such melody in the "poor man's opera house," the poor man for the most part seemed to prefer the brass clangor of the machine-ground music of the great fair, with its satirical, cynical, theatres, and merry go-rounds!

In the afternoon, the procession of the Fete Dieu was to start from the Cathedral and make the tour of the city. The front of the minister was gay with banners and escutcheons; a great altar draped in crimson was dressed in the porch, and everywhere there was a profusion of flowers and evergreens. It was one of the great fete days of the Church. The residents along the line of route of the procession decorated their houses, festooning the streets with evergreens, covering the walls with carpets and tapestries, and where those failed, stretching white sheets, to which they pinned rosebuds. A devout baroness had set up a shrine in her garden, and at the foot of the main street leading down to the river an altar was erected, its scarlet canopy looking very bright and pretty beneath the green trees, with the blue waters and yellow sands of the Loire stretching far behind. From all the parishes of the city children, flower garlanded, in their Sunday finery, preceded by the young girls who had celebrated their first communion, in long gauzy veils of muslin, were hurrying to the afternoon service in the Cathedral, where they filled the nave with a billowy expanse of lawn like parity.

While watching the preparations for the procession my attention was suddenly arrested by a line of processionists crossing the great bridge that unites Orleans with the southern bank of the Loire. There seemed to be about 200 or 300, with banners and band, and we judged that they were a belated contingent from one of the smaller parishes making their way to the Cathedral. It was not till next day that we discovered, from the local papers, that this was a rival procession, got up nominally in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, but really as a protest against the Catholic Church. It was a very small affair. The clerical organ disdainfully declares that only eighty three persons took part in the demonstration, which was reported to the length of three columns in the republican organ; a fact which perhaps explains how it was the same journal could not even find room for a paragraph describing the procession of the Fete Dieu, in which some 5,000 persons took part.

This latter procession was, to the unaccustomed eye of the English visitor, worth coming to Orleans to see. There was such brilliance, such harmonious yet vividly contrasted color, such poetry of motion, such melody of song. The flower-garlanded, white-surplised boys, walking backwards, sprinkled with red rose-leaves the path of the advancing procession; the gorgeously habited ecclesiastics pacing slowly before the Bishop, holding reverently the sacred pyx under the scarlet catafalque with its nodding plumes; and the long lines of white veiled maidens, broken here and there by the sombre black of the motherly faced nuns, made the tree-shaded quay of the Loire a scene of beauty that recalled far-away memories of the pageants of pagan Rome. There were emblazoned banners from all the parishes, heavy gilt crosses, gorgeous Swiss beards resplendent in gold epaulettes and facings, lines of young schoolboys in scarlet petticoats with lawn sleeves, and everywhere lovely girls whose bronzed features and flower-decked hair gleamed through clouds of tulle. Here and there, at long intervals, bands were playing, but for the most part nothing was heard but the singing of children. "Je suis chretien" was the refrain of one hymn constantly repeated. It was a dream of artistic beauty; eye and ear alike were at once rested and inspired. When the host passed by every head was uncovered and every knee was bowed. After the Bishop came about 500 or 1,000 men singing reverently, all the time until the long procession wound its way back to the Cathedral door, where the crowd massed in the great square was very imposing and beautiful to look upon. Whatever else the Old Church knows or does not know, the experience of centuries has at least given it an unrivalled instinct for stage management.

Next day, looking over Republican Orleansais, I found the report of the proceedings at the rival demonstration, and learned then for the first time how fiercely the battle promises to rage over the memory of the famous Maid of Orleans. Republican committees have been formed in Paris, Orleans, and Rouen for the purpose of celebrating by a civic fete the martyrdom of the Maid. These civic fetes are set on foot with the avowed object of pushing the anti-Christian propaganda, that is to say an anti-Christian propaganda. It must be admitted that as a weapon against the priests and the Church which is organized under the Pope, they could not have made a better choice than Jeanne d'Arc; but as a weapon against Christianity they could not have made a worse; for while the Church burnt her, faith in Christ sustained her in spite of the Church. Jeanne was before everything a Christian, not in word only, but in deed; nor was Dumas blaspheming when he styled her "the Christ of France." She would have shrunk in horror from Dumas; but he expressed bluntly what all must feel who study her life. She was not the second person of the Trinity, but she was a Christ if ever woman was. She had all the distinctive notes of Jesus of Nazareth—regarding the carpenter's Son, of course, merely from His human side. Not merely was her life a sacrifice and her death a martyrdom, but her story is saturated through and through with the same miraculous element which leads so many critics to distrust the narratives of the four Evangelists. She lived and died in the constant presence of the invisible world, hearing the voices of angels and of just men and women long deceased. She had the gift of prophecy, and she worked miracles—not the less miraculous because she never shrank from the use of human means to accomplish her end.

It is this element of the so called supernatural about the Maid of Orleans which makes her story at this moment, even more than formerly, so supremely fascinating. Here we have the question raised by the rationalists brought to the test of science, and history, and the human conscience. If we may have Christianity without the miracles, we may have Jeanne d'Arc without her voices. Those who claim, as did the orators of the civic fete, that science and the democratic spirit have dissipated the Christian legend, naturally apply the same process to the story of their national heroine. But many of those who hold zealously to the miraculous element in the Gospel yet do not see that there is much more legal and unimpeachable evidence in favor of the miraculous element in Jeanne d'Arc's story, are inclined to rationalize Jeanne all the more ruthlessly because of their reluctance to rationalize Christ.

M. Emile Comte, speaking at the base of Jeanne's statue, proclaimed that "in our time, when the theological spirit disappears before reason and the democratic spirit, scientific criticism has banished the marvellous from history as well as from all other domains of thought." The other orators denied the supernatural mission of Jeanne. They denied that she was inspired by Providence or by any intelligence outside her own heart, and they protested against her being converted into a personage of the "old Catholic mythology." So far as they are concerned they do not intend to leave to the representatives of those who butchered Jeanne the exclusive right to exploit her glories for the benefit of the Church. With the last sentiment every one must sympathize. But it is another matter when we are asked to believe that Jeanne, the peasant girl of Domremy, enjoyed no inspiration from on high, had no communication with invisible beings, and, in short, had no providential or divine mission entrusted to her care. "Jeanne," said M. Comte, "was not a mere rough peasant girl upon whom Providence had breathed. She was a woman of a beautiful intelligence and a great heart, who devoted herself to her country, and who has a right to a place in our history like Louis XI, Henry VI, Richelieu, Danton, and Gambetta."

There the issue is clearly defined. Was Jeanne a stone cut without hands from the mountain side for the purpose of being used in the hands of the Almighty to accomplish his chosen ends and manifest his omnipotent power by her very weakness and natural unsuitability for the task; or was she a woman of genius whose achievements were the natural result of the application of her native unaided powers to the accomplishment of a task that lay within range of mortal capacity? That is the issue which the French are debating among themselves. That is the issue to which, in the full of polemical discussions over the authenticity of Gospels and the nature of Christian evidences, we in England may profitably devote some little thought. If the former hypothesis be correct, then Jeanne d'Arc and her mission belong rightly to the order of the so called miraculous as much as Moses or David or Jesus himself. Their range differs, but their action within the range in which they did operate is as inexplicable by what men regard as the ordinary laws of Nature and of life as the firing of a cannon ball can be explained by the hurling of a stone from a sling.

Here let me interpose, for fear of misunderstanding, to premise that I use the word miraculous in the popular vulgar sense which would justify the application of the term not only to an explosion of gunpowder by those totally ignorant of the uses of villainous saltpetre. To me there is nothing supernatural, nor is there any miracle, in the sense of an arbitrary infraction of divine law. One is the Law and one is the Lawgiver. Nor does the best authenticated miracle in Holy Writ speak to me so forcibly of divine wisdom and omnipotence as the silent operation of the cosmic force by which, in a few short weeks, a tiny seed blossoms out into square feet of fragrance and beauty; or a small package of albumen and yolk inside a fragile shell is converted into the iridescent plumage of the humming bird, or a living mechanism of flesh and feathers which is capable of producing the song of the nightingale. Whether Jeanne be accounted for on one hypothesis or the other, she is to me equally the instrument and handmaid of our Father. These discussions, therefore, whether of Jeanne or of Jesus, for me merely relate solely to the means He saw best to employ, and whichever conclusion is arrived at, does not affect the central fact.

But there are others—possibly in all ages the majority of men—to whom if you can prove that anything has happened according to natural law, familiarly functioning around them, to-day as yesterday the same, it is as if you shut out God from His universe. They will only begin to admit the reality of His existence when startled by the occurrence of something outside the regular and unwonted sequence of events. The phenomenon of birth is more marvelous than the mere return of life to a body from which the breath has departed. But births occur so constantly under certain conditions as to enable them to be generalized into the working hypothesis which we call a law of nature. Whereas the raising of a body from the dead—although it also might, had we but sufficient data, be reduced to its proper place among phenomena naturally recurring under certain conditions at present unknown—has occurred so seldom, and is so opposed to the working hypothesis which we call laws, that it has usually been the supreme advertisement of the founders of new religions. The quality of advertisement which it possesses in a supreme degree is possessed more or less by all the so-called supernatural or miraculous phenomena, so hateful to the narrower scientists, who are only a shade less bigoted and ridiculous than their predecessors in dogmatism who asserted with equal vehemence that the Thirty-nine Articles were a comprehensive solution of the mystery of the universe. These advertisements of Providence startle men out of their snug complacency, and compel to recognize the birth of the Infinite Invisible, of the nature of which we know about as much by our microscopes and spectroscopes and other meteyards of science as the dwellers on the European coastline knew in Jeanne's time of the American continent.

Was Jeanne such an advertisement? Was her career a proof of the existence of a higher power, of an Invisible Intelligence operating apparently from outside the material visible universe; a power with volition apart from our own; a power not ourselves, and yet a power which makes for righteousness? These questions, if answered in the affirmative in Jeanne's case, have an obvious importance from their bearing upon the whole question of Christian evidence. There are obvious advantages in changing the venue, so to speak, of the trial of the case from Palestine to France. The events are nearer to our own time. When St. Augustine began his Christian apostolate in Canterbury, about as many years had elapsed since the crucifixion as have passed since the deliverance of Orleans. The facts are beyond dispute. All the conditions which are insisted upon as indispensable to valid evidence by those who repudiate as insufficient the testimony of the witnesses of the resurrection and ascension, are supplied in the case of Jeanne. No one disputes the resurrection of France which was brought about by her mission. As little doubt exists as to her character, and as to the exact words in which she explained her own idea of the nature of her mission. A prolonged and painstakingly malevolent inquisition into her acts and deeds and thoughts has supplied us with the most unimpeachable evidence, her enemies and executioners being both collectors of the testimony and the custodians of the records. The work was not done in a corner; it was accomplished under the eyes of the world. It gave an immediate and definite change to the whole course of the historical development of the two greatest of civilized nations. It is so living and palpable a force to this day that the contending factions in France wrangle over her name, and celebrate the anniversaries of victories and of martyrdom as if they were red-letter days in the calendar of France.

It is therefore evident that much may be gained in the way of elimination in the way of doubtful and non-evidenced matter if for a while we leave the well-worn arena of the annunciation and the resurrection, and consider seriously whether Jeanne d'Arc is not sufficient to prove the existence of a higher power in communication with mortals whose presence is not cognizable by the ordinary senses. If Jeanne's

career proves this, the demonstration will be to the general combat between the forces of Belief and Unbelief what Jeanne's capture of the Tourelles was to the relief of Orleans. The Tourelles was only an outwork, but when the Maid ejected its garrison the siege of Orleans was raised.

The story of the Maid of Orleans—which Lord Ronald Gower has just told in English in the delightful volume published last month by Mr. J. B. Nimmo—has long been recognized as one of the most fascinating and enthralling of all the tragedies of history, not inferior in pathos to any narrative in any literature, sacred or profane, and the whole drama pivots upon one single point—the reality of the voices heard by Jeanne. Deny that, and the whole narrative becomes simply incredible.

I began this article in Orleans, beneath the shadow of the cathedral, in which Jeanne rendered thanks to God. I am finishing it in the Church of Jargeau, where she achieved one of her most famous victories. Sitting in the choir of the old church, I see emblazoned before me, in windows gorgeous with colors, the great saints and warriors of the Church. There is St. Michael, with his spear transfixing the dragon; St. Eustache, with the sword and the pen; Francis Xavier, missionary of the cross; St. Veranus, chasing a dragon; St. Antanas, St. McCallus, St. Vincentus, St. Prosper, and the Virgin proclaiming the Immaculate Conception. But none among the whole bejeweled and bearded hierarchy appeals to me as does the window of Jeanne d'Arc, which looks down upon me as I write in one of the carved oak stalls of the spacious choir. Alone among the saints and martyrs she has no halo. St. Prosper is upon her right hand, with his mitre and his episcopal staff. St. Eustache upon her left, with his quill and his weapon of war; while in front glows with eternal youth the great St. Michael, the archangel of the hosts of heaven, patron saint of the armies of France and special guide and inspirer of Jeanne d'Arc. The Maid is not unworthily placed. She clasps her sword in her left hand, while in her right she holds the standard which she loved forty times more than her sword. And the light streams in, through her patient eyes and firm set features, upon the church which, 464 years ago this very day of June, she captured for France.

June 12, 1492, was the day of the storming of Jargeau on the Loire. June 12, 1893, I have cycled over from Orleans and alone in the great old church am writing these concluding words. It is fair and bright outside. The Loire runs low with the endless drought; the barley is ripe in the fields; the old windmills are whirling their arms briskly in the pleasant wind, and the swallows flit around the church tower, which stands almost the surviving monument of that ancient time. Of Jeanne in Jargeau there seems no trace or living remembrance save the window of stained glass; nor is there any sign that man, woman, or child remembers that it was June 12th when the Maid drove out the English and freed Jargeau from the foreign yoke.

But in the silence of this stately nave, a silence unbroken save by the twittering of the swallows who now, as five hundred years ago, unaffected by wars and revolutions, hawk for flies around the church, I seem to hear the voices of the past, full of meaning for the present and of promise for the future.

And these voices issuing from the dusky expanse of the past centuries ask: "What now think ye of the Maid? Explain this miracle by your psychology and your sciences! Say how the deliverance of Orleans was effected and France freed from the English yoke by a letterless lass of eighteen years? Who gave her the fore-knowledge of things to come which enabled her to read the future as an open book? Who taught her the art of war and enabled her to transform a huddled mob of sheep into wolves of war, so that the victors of a hundred years were humbled in the dust before the standard of a peasant maid, and the leopards of England were chased before the Maid bearing the white standard of the lilies of France?"

And I can only answer this appeal by admitting that Jeanne was the agent in the hand of invisible powers, and that her miracles were accomplished by the agency of spiritual forces, whose potency and range can not be measured by the dynamics of material science. I do not say necessarily of God the Infinite, the Almighty, and the Omniscient, or of Satan, the Anti-God, as if outside the domain surveyed by our five senses there remained but two agencies or powers—the Infinite Holy (One that inhabiteth eternity, and the almost Infinite Unholy whose abode is in the abyss. Such a conclusion would be to the last degree unscientific. All that we can say of a certainty is that the Maid of Orleans was endowed with gifts and graces and capacities which were not natural to the shepherdess of Domremy, nor, indeed, could be acquired by an unlettered peasant girl, any more than the apostles could have attained by aid of the grammar and the dictionary the gift of tongues which they received at Pentecost.

Whatever else is uncertain, this at least is clear—military genius, the supreme gift of great commanders, the technical mastery of the art of directing artillery fire, of planning campaigns, and the gift of foreseeing their exact duration and result, these things can by no theory of psychology be supposed to be latent in the mind of an enthusiastic village girl, who had neither learnt to read, to ride, or to command before she was launched against the English, to their utter undoing. Mr. Myers is fond of ascribing genius to the uprush of the subliminal consciousness; but no uprush from subliminal regions will explain the sudden possession by a peasant girl of the technical knowledge of a master of artillery. Of the fact that Jeanne had these gifts there is no dispute. Apart from the fundamental and unmistakable fact that she brushed away the English masters of France as if they had been flies, the ablest generals on the French side formally testified on oath to the process of rehabilitation to the extraordinary genius which she displayed in war. The Duc d'Alencon made the campaign of the Loire by her side. "In everything," he said, excepting the making of war, she was as simple as any other young girl. But in war she was very skillful, either in the bearing of the spear or in mustering an army, in appointing the order of battle, or in disposing of artillery. All were astounded to see her display the skill and foresight of a captain exercised by a practice of twenty or thirty years of war. But they admired above all her use of artillery, where she had a consummate ability. "Now, a supreme capacity to use artillery is no more latent in the subliminal consciousness than a mastery of Greek or Latin or Hebrew. Neither is the ability to maneuver thousands of troops of all arms in such fashion as to secure victory, when the ablest tacticians of the day deemed it hopeless, explicable upon any other theory than that of the direct communication to the mind of Jeanne of the superior wisdom of a higher mind. If your servant-maid were to return from marketing with her pockets stuffed with gold and jewels, it would be as reasonable to attribute their presence on her person to the spontaneous generation of some latent power of the mind, as to explain the military genius of Jeanne to the uprush of the subliminal consciousness.

Whence then came these gifts? To say that they came from God is not to answer but to evade the question. All good gifts come from God, but they reach us usually by intermediaries, whose action can be traced with some degree of precision. How then did Jeanne receive her sudden and miraculous accession of military genius? I lay stress at present solely upon her admitted capacity to lead troops, to use artillery, to direct campaigns. I say nothing for the moment of her prophetic gifts. If a Suffolk ploughboy, fresh from

the ploughshare, were to be suddenly put on board a modern ironclad on the eve of a great battle, every one would admit that it could only be by a miracle if he should display in manœuvring and fighting that great conglomerate of complex machinery, the naval genius of Nelson or the skill of Admiral Horatio. Yet for an illiterate maiden of eighteen, who had never sat in a saddle or worn armor, to command an army of 10,000 men, with such consummate success as to destroy the established power of the English in France, was not less extraordinary, not less demanding a miraculous or supernatural explanation. What then is that explanation?

I referred just now to the analogy of a servant-maid going a marketing with a few pence and returning with her pockets stuffed with gold and jewels. What, of course, would be adopted in such a case to ascertain the source of this extraordinary accession of wealth? Clearly the first and most obvious step would be to interrogate the girl herself! How came she to be in possession of such treasures? And in default of better evidence as to their source, her testimony, however incredible, would deservedly be accepted. Suppose she said that they dropped down from the skies, or that she found them growing in a cabbage, the natural conclusion would be that she had stolen them and was lying to conceal the fact. But if, after the most careful and minute examination of all the witnesses who could possibly throw any light upon her movements, it was proved incontrovertibly that there was no other possible source from which she could have received them, except direct from the sky or from the heart of a cabbage, then, if the existence of the treasure were undisputed, we should be driven to accept the testimony not as necessarily true, but as supplying the only hypothesis by which her possession of the treasure could be accounted for. So it is with Jeanne. No one denies that she suddenly became possessed of an altogether abnormal genius for war. The proof that this was the case is overwhelming. It is supplied, in the first place, by the fact that, at the outset of her career, she was uniformly opposed by all the experts and veterans who commanded the King's troops, and that she as uniformly succeeded, by dint of a series of almost unprecedented victories, in convincing all these experts that they had been mistaken. And it is attested, in the second place, by the fact that the English, the bravest and most victorious fighters of the century, were so absolutely convinced that Jeanne wielded supernatural power, that not all the authority of the king, expressed by repeated ordinances, could induce their soldiery to take the field against the Maid. It may be said that these were superstitious days, and that a reputation for sorcery was easily established. But Jeanne's reputation was established, not by magical incantations or any occult pretensions, but by the matter-of-fact method of driving conviction into the national heart—the simple but effective method of chasing the English armies in headlong rout, whether they fought in the open field or sheltered themselves behind all but impregnable ramparts. Two nations, her own and the enemy's, agreed five hundred years ago in believing that Jeanne's capacity and Jeanne's achievements could not possibly be due to any but a supernatural source. France held that they came from God, England from the devil. Both agreed in believing that they were not and could not be the natural endowment of a Domremy shepherdess.

A hundred years have elapsed since the worship of reason was established in France on the ruins of the old religion which Jeanne loved. In our own day, as the authoress of "Robert Elsmere" glibly teaches, all belief in the miraculous has disappeared from intelligent circles. But, as I see in the stained window of the church in which I am writing, the old religion still holds its own, and exalts the heroic Maid among the saints and fathers of the Church; and, at the same time, Atheists vie with Churchmen in making processions and orations in her honor. How comes it that these factions, bitterly hostile in all things else, should agree in the culte of Jeanne d'Arc? That in itself, after the lapse of five centuries, is almost as remarkable as the deliverance of Orleans or the victory of Patay. But what explanation can the rationalists and Materialists of our time give of Jeanne's suddenly acquired military genius—a thing as inexplicable, surely, as the gift of tongues? There is no explanation. Natural genius may account for much, religious enthusiasm for more; but as neither natural genius nor religious enthusiasm will teach the unlearned how to conjugate irregular verbs, so these great qualities are as incapable of imparting to a village lass the art and mystery of the profession of arms.

Remember that the English in France at the beginning of 1429 were to the French what the Germans were at the beginning of 1871, only more so. Talbot, the English Achilles, was as great a military authority as Moltke, and the victories of Verneuil and Poitiers and Agincourt and the Herings were as decisive as those of Sedan and of Metz. After a war of a hundred years the dominance of England had been accepted almost as a decree of destiny. Only eight years before a solemn treaty made over the crown of France to the English king. English garrisons were in Paris and Rouen and Bordeaux. English authority was supreme over more territory than the Germans covered even in their most venturesome marches. The French had neither money nor men, nor sovereign nor prestige. Their nominal king was a vacillating incapable. His councillors dreaded success even more than defeat. Yet out of the midst of this hopeless prostration Jeanne arose, and in the course of a single year she had transformed everything. She delivered Orleans, crowned the king, broke the prestige of English victory, and in short re-created and regenerated France. How can we account for this incredible series of achievements wrought by the hand of this peasant girl, who in her own phrase did not know A from B, but who accomplished the salvation of France?

Ask Jeanne, and hear what she says! Jeanne has no doubt, no indecision. Jeanne knows. She knows that it was not in her own strength she did her great marvel; she shrinks from the assertion as a blasphemy. She was enabled to do it by an invisible intelligence whom she called My Lord the King of Heaven, who communicated his will to her by the direct word of St. Michael the Archangel, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and St. Margaret of Scotland. Jeanne may have been mad, but she delivered Orleans. She may have been a mystic, a visionary, and a superstitious fanatic, but she rid France of the English conqueror. And Jeanne, the Maid of Orleans, the victor of Jargeau and Patay, never ceased to affirm that she received all her knowledge and all her capacity direct from St. Michael and the other saints. And as no one to this day has ventured to suggest any other possible hypothesis to account for this incredible phenomenon, is it unreasonable to ask that in this matter we should believe Jeanne?

I do not say that it is necessary that we should believe that Jeanne was correctly informed as to the identity of the invisible guides who gave her the counsel which enabled her to baffle the sagest of the English captains. All that I ask is that it is evident, seeing Jeanne had not the knowledge in herself, she must have received it from some one else, and as there was no visible being who could communicate it, are we not of necessity driven by a strictly scientific process of induction to believe that she must have received the information from invisible beings? Jeanne believed that she could identify them, and named them with the utmost confidence. They were not, she declared, either invisible or intangible to her. She heard them at first as voices, but then she saw them as persons, and afterwards embraced them as friends. But I am not concerned to demonstrate the accuracy of her com-

enclature. All that I ask is that it should be admitted that some power not her own, and not discoverable by the five senses of mortal man, did communicate to her the capacity by which she astonished the world.

The argument in favor of this conclusion is much strengthened when we come to consider, not merely the capacity of Jeanne to do, but the ability of Jeanne to foresee. Here we are on firm ground. It is admitted by no one more than the most confirmed materialist that the gift of prophecy is not innate in the human mind. But Jeanne undoubtedly had the gift of prophecy. She prophesied not after, but long before the event, and her prophecies came true—with one or two exceptions. The evidence in her case is certainly quite as irresistible, to say the very least, as that of any of the prophecies which figure so largely in evidences of Christianity, down to quite recent times. Nor does she prophesy probable things. To state the fact in vulgar parlance, no one would have been so mad as to risk a bet on the chance of her fulfillment even at a hundred to one. When she was a child by the spinning wheel she foretold her journey to the king, and her mission to deliver France. When she was not eighteen she foretold that she would deliver Orleans and conduct the king to Rheims to be crowned. Before she went to Orleans she predicted that she would be wounded, on the evening before she specified that the wound be above her breast. When the operations began for raising the siege, she predicted that she would clear out the English in five days, which was fulfilled to the letter. When the most experienced captains declared that the Tourelles could not be reduced in less than a month, she foretold its capture next day, and it took place. She foresaw the death of a horseman of the guard at Chinon a few hours before it happened; of Lord Scates, two days before he fell, and she foretold her own decease at the end of a year. She warned the Duke d'Alencon to avoid a cannon ball, which slew the gentleman who took his place, and she predicted with the utmost confidence the result of the battle of Patay before a shot had been fired. For a similar series of prophecies so well attested, so precise, and so incredible at the time they were delivered, we may search in vain in sacred or profane history.

Nor is her claim to forevision at all vitiated by the fact that she declared she would enter Paris and drive the English from France, whereas it was not until seven years after her death that the spirit which she had evoked in France secured the expulsion of the English. Nothing is more notorious in all prophetic writings than the difficulty of fixing time. Clairvoyants in every age, and in our own time, see things of the past, the present, and the future as it were inextricably intermingled. Time, in our sense, does not exist on the other side. Only very rarely, and more frequently in Jeanne's case than in any other, the gift is added of discerning times and seasons. I need not allude to the absurd objection that Jeanne was not a prophetess because she did not foresee that she would be burned to death, for such a cavil is only possible to those who have not grasped the fundamental difference between a person to whose gaze all future things lie exposed, and one to whom from time to time certain specific events still in futurity are revealed. No one has ever claimed, and Jeanne least of all, that she had drawn aside the veil of the future. All that she asserted was that her voices, or her guide (*conseil*), did from time to time make definite communications as to what was about to happen, and that the event proved that she was right.

Was she wrong? I do not care to argue this question with those who say that they believe not on authority, but as a matter of reason, that communications from the invisible world were made to the prophets and apostles and saints and seers of whom we read in Holy Writ. I am not now arguing the question of the quality or the importance of these communications. I am only concerned with the fact of their occurrence, and it seems to me that the evidence that voices out of the invisible spoke to Jeanne d'Arc, and that she saw angels and the forms of holy women long since dead is, to say the very least, quite as well evidenced as the fact that Moses heard the voice of God from out the burning bush, that Samuel, as a child, heard the voice that foretold the destruction of Eli's sons, or that Peter and John saw the sainted forms of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration.

But I am concerned to press this matter home to those who reject all miracle and inspiration, and who deny that there is any world other than this material sphere of which we take cognizance by our five senses; and who affirm that there are no intelligences with which man can communicate other than those he can see with his eye, hear with his ear, and touch with his hands. To them I would say: Account for Jeanne d'Arc! Explain the miracle of the Maid of Orleans! On her own hypothesis, which assumes the existence of a world which you deny, and of intelligences which you ignore, it is not difficult to account for what occurred. Some spirit, or spirits, of a higher than mortal intelligence, with a capacity more than human of seeing into the future, were in constant communication with her. She spoke their words and acted upon their counsel. We have, in short, not to deal with Jeanne d'Arc as a single personality, but Jeanne d'Arc inspired, directed, and controlled by a higher mind, or minds, of whose existence and whose influence upon her she was constantly conscious. On that assumption, her hypothesis explains everything. But deny that assumption and what remains? A manifest miracle, an inexplicable incredibility, in which, nevertheless, with the facts of history before us, we must believe.

From such a conclusion human reason recoils. Better a thousand times accept any working hypothesis provisionally that will account for the facts than give up the whole problem as insoluble, merely because we have an inveterate prejudice against admitting the existence of another world than that which we inhabit, though invisible to mortal eye, nevertheless exercise a constant and sometimes dominant influence upon the affairs of men. It is this which gives the story of Jeanne d'Arc its incomparable fascination to modern times. In itself it is a history of unequalled pathos. No myth of Greece or Rome, no fairy tale of the Christian hagiology can vie with the tragic horror and transcendent beauty of the story of the Maid of Orleans. Jeanne incarnates all that is loveliest in womanhood with all that is most admirable in man; she unites the virtues of the cloister with the romance of the camp. She was as tender and true as our own Douglas but as brave as Deborah. She bore herself with equal charm in the cottage by her spinning-wheel and in the court of the king. Misfortune did not disturb the serenity, nor victory spoil the humility of this superb soul. To have given birth to such a woman was an atonement in advance even for the crime of producing the author of *La Pucelle*, or Napoleon the devastator of Europe. As long as the human heart endures, the narrative of her captivity and her burning will rouse feelings that lie too deep for tears, and compel the English people and the Roman Church to admit that they have shared in the greatest crime in history since that which stands to the account of the Jewish Sanhedrim and the Roman procurator for the crucifixion. But all that is a tale that is told, interesting, mournful, tragic enough, but is a thing of the past.

What is not of the past but of the ever-living present is the light which Jeanne's story throws upon the absorbing problem of life in this world and the next. For if Jeanne was correct, we who live, and move, and have our being in the midst of these temporal things, which are but for a day, are all the while in constant presence and with possible

communication of spiritual intelligences infinitely higher than ourselves. With these intelligences it is permitted, and even commanded that we should enter into close relations, as it is through them that our Lord the King of Heaven may design to give us those directions necessary for our well being and for the deliverance of those about us. Nor must we be deterred by the fact that those who said of our Lord that He cast out devils by Beelzebub the Prince of the Devils, and who burnt alive as a sorceress the purest and noblest and most pious of women, will also invoke against those who keep their soul's eye open on the Godward side, the familiar cry of Sanhedrim and of council, that it is all of the devil or they are mad. For if there be a God, Lord not only of all the earth, but of the heaven and of the heaven of heavens who is encompassed about by an infinite multitude of pure and lofty intelligences, who are all ministering spirits to those who are called to be sons of God and heirs of heaven, what unfaith is there not latent in the shallow and empty cry that everything that is manifestly inexplicable on material grounds is of the evil one? Is He who inhabiteth Eternity limited solely to the governance of material things, or is He not rather the Lord of all the spirits of all the worlds? Evil spirits there are no doubt, as there are evil men on this earth; and for those who dare not face the influence of their fellow-men the Roman Church has prepared the cloister, in order that they live retired and apart from the world. But why should we carry this cowardice of the cloister into the region from which, in the future as in the past, it may please the Almighty to reveal His will to the children of men? As for those who cry *cui bono*? it is enough to ask, What would have become of France if Jeanne d'Arc had closed her ears to her Voices, and rejected their counsels as temptations of hell?—*Review of Reviews.*

Locked in a Cage and Materializations Occur.

There was seance at No. 145 North Cherry Street, Nashville, Tenn., in which the medium submitted to test conditions and produced the same manifestations as were seen at the first seance there a few nights ago and which was attempted by the same reporter that was present at the exhibition last night.

There was no difficulty in getting the cabinet properly examined, as the reporter and other gentlemen were careful and made a minute examination of every part. The cage was constructed of wire and had a substantial framework of wood. The wire was well fastened and in no way visible to those who examined it could there be an exit made without leaving a trace that could be seen. Before the medium was locked in the examination was made, and after the door was locked the examination was repeated and marks so placed that if the hinges were tampered with or the lock bothered it could be instantly detected. Postage stamps were pasted over the lock, and even the position of the screws so marked that an opening could not be made without removing them.

In making the examination the reporter concluded to examine the chair occupied by the medium and there found a small bundle containing some articles that the unbeliever would have said were to be used in making the manifestations. There was a blonde bang, and several yards of filmy laces which were woven of fine silk. All these were enclosed in a black bag, and were under a plush-bottom chair. The discovery was a surprise and much wonder was expressed as to how they came to be there. The matter was then explained by the supposition that some enemy had done it for the purpose of injuring the mediums, and this was afterward substantiated by the spirits themselves, who said that some who were present the previous night had brought evil spirits along and the evil spirits had put the articles where they could be found by the reporter, and thus has attempted to bring reproach on the cause. This explanation was accepted as satisfactory.

As to the manifestations, they were not interfered with as they were even more successful than on the previous night.

When the medium was locked in the cabinet the curtains were drawn and the manifestations almost at once began. There were a number of forms that came out of the cabinet, and one that seemed to come up right out of the floor in front of and in full view of the circle that was present. There were two forms that came out at one time, and the forms were in every case but one recognized by the people present. In one case the form of a little girl came out and sat in the lap of a gentleman present. The same gentleman was the recipient of a visit from two or three other spirits that he at once called by name, and one of them, an old sweetheart, came and kissed him and talked to me. Some of the manifestations brought strange perfumes with them, and were recognized very easily by those who had seen them before by the perfume they brought.

Little Birdie, who was a prominent figure at the seance on the night previously referred to, was not in a talkative mood last night, as nearly all the strength of the medium was taken in materializing the forms. It is much more difficult to materialize the forms outside of the cage because they must be materialized so far from the medium, if materialized inside the cage they could not get out.

In response to a question the spirit of Mr. Owen announced that the articles found under the chair were placed there by enemies and advised that they be burned in the presence of all who were there and put out of the way of doing further harm. This was not done, however, as the finder wished to make some investigations concerning them.

Quite a number of the spirits called up made themselves distinct and talked so much that they should have been recognized as fraudulent if not indeed the parties they represented themselves to be. The conversations in some cases lasted for a minute or more.

Those who were at the seance expressed themselves as satisfied and even the skeptical reporter could not say how the medium got out of the cage into which she was locked, if she did get out. One of the figures came up close to him and remained for a half minute in full view, but he could not recognize it although it said it was a friend of his from the other side.

When the seance was over the cage was examined and found to be as before and no marks of tampering with it could be found.—*Nashville American.*

St. Declan, Sun-Worshipper.

The following communication from one of these ancients may be found, among others, in "Antiquity Unveiled."

"May the light of truth (the sun) ever shine! They call me a saint, but I was not. I was only made one through ignorance and superstition. The place where I principally flourished was Ardmore, Waterford County, Ireland. I lived in the fourth century, A. D. My doctrines embraced the secret meaning of the round towers in Ireland. Our religion was the Druidic. Our books were written upon scrolls. Our teachings had their origin among the Phœnicians. The latter traded with Ireland and Britain a thousand years before the Christian era. It was not until three hundred years that some of Augustus's followers introduced the Christian religion to the East. St. Patrick taught the same sun-worshipping Druidic religion that I taught. When the Christian priests gained a foothold in Ireland and Britain, and found that they could not destroy the respect of the people for ourselves and our teachings they called us saints, and said our sanctification had all come from Rome."

Historical communications of this order are numerous in the book named. See price list, seventh page for particulars.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Mrs. A. H. Luther may be addressed at Crown Point, Ind.

Edgar W. Emerson will be at Clinton, Ia., August 22d to 24th.

Lyman C. Howe has these engagements: Liberal, Mo., August 20th to 27th.

Dr. A. Hatch, speaker and test medium, address: 150 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Anna Orvis may be addressed at Lake Road, Kent County, O., until September 1st.

G. W. Kates and wife are located in Manitowish, Colo. They invite correspondence from the West.

Dr. Geo. W. Carpenter may be engaged to lecture. Address: 125 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

J. W. Dennis, of 120 Thirteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y., will attend calls to lecture or attend funerals.

Mrs. J. Hatch, of San Francisco, platform, trance, and test medium. Address: 35 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass.

Prof. H. D. Barrett, of Lily Dale, N. Y., has opportunities for September and October of this year, and after May, '94.

Mrs. Sallie C. Devel may be addressed at 37 Morgan street, Chicago, Ill., till September—probably the entire Winter.

Mrs. Sophronia M. Lowell, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals. Address: Anoka, Minn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stranger, inspirational lecturer and test medium. Permanent address, 171 Pine Street, Muskegon, Mich.

Mrs. Virginia Barrett, lecturer and psychometrist, would like engagements for the Winter months. Address: 150 E. St. Joe street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Celia Loucks, of 311 West Sandusky st., Findlay, O., is open to engagements to lecture. Also gives psychometric readings when conditions are favorable.

Mrs. A. L. Pennell desires to make engagements as a platform test medium through the South during Fall and Winter. Address: 64 Carlisle avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Will C. Hodge, inspirational speaker and test medium, desires engagements for the Fall and Winter months. Address: until September 1st Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

Walter Howell having a few open dates would be pleased to negotiate with societies within easy distance of New York City for the coming season. Address: 235 West Fifty-fifth street.

D. M. King will attend Maple Dell Camp, Woolley Park Camp, Devil's Lake Camp, Wentworth Grove Meeting, Haslett Park Camp, and probably pay a visit to Vicksburg Camp also.

Prof. Alvin Kelly Pease, phenologist, psychologist, lecturer, and medium, now at Casadaga Camp, will go south for the Winter, and desires calls. Address him at Lily Dale, N. Y.

Dr. E. B. Russell will fill an engagement with the St. Paul Spiritual Alliance during September, after which he will fill engagements in the East. Address: 30 Seventh street, south, Minneapolis, Minn.

Prof. Joseph Ernst, trance speaker and psychometric reader, can be addressed for engagements at 66 Cross street, Cincinnati, O. He would like to engage with societies in the Northwest for the Fall months.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, inspirational speaker, desires to correspond with societies relative to Fall and Winter work. Will attend funerals. Address: P. O. Box 533, Grand Ledge, Mich. At present she is at Haslett Park Camp-meeting.

E. W. Sprague, trance and inspirational speaker, and test medium, will answer calls to speak for societies and camp-meetings; will also attend funerals. Address corner of Newland street and Forest avenue, Jamestown, N. Y.

Frank T. Ripley is making up his Fall and Winter engagements. All societies wanting this gentleman should address him, Lake Brady, via Kent, O., on or before Sunday, September 3d. Mr. Ripley is doing great work at this place. His tests are marvelous.

G. H. Brooks will remain at home, 144 North Liberty Street, Elgin, Ill., until opening of the Haslett Park Camp-meeting, where he will resume his place as Chairman. Those who wish to engage him for Fall and Winter may address him as above. Lyceum-building a specialty.

Willard J. Hull would like an engagement for the last three Sundays of September in the West. He will be at Liberal, Mo., Camp the first Sunday of September. Parties in that section of the country can secure him for dates above named. Address: 250 DeWitt street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Prof. Silas W. Edmunds, inspirational speaker, business, and test medium, will give sittings and hold classes in the science of life during session of Haslett Park Camp. Engagements made for Fall and Winter on reasonable terms. Address: Haslett Park, Ingham Co., Mich.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade can be addressed for engagements for 1893. Would also be glad to make engagements for any spiritual society within one hundred miles of Detroit for lectures during the week. Will also attend funerals. Address: Nellie S. Baade, 411 Thirteenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Adeline M. Glading will lecture in Indianapolis, Ind., during September and October, 1893, in Anderson, Ind., April and May, 1894. She will accept calls for week-day lectures in adjacent towns and cities during those months. March, 1894, is the only month open of the season. Address: Box 62, Doylestown, Pa.

Mr. George Walrond, trance and inspirational speaker, Hamilton, Canada, is open to engage with spiritualistic associations and societies in the States or Canada. Spiritualists or inquirers visiting Hamilton may have board and accommodation at his residence, 198 Locke St., North. Public services every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock at Macabee's Hall.

A. E. Tidale has been engaged for the following days for '93: Ocean Grove, Horwich, Port, Onset Bay, Mass.; Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.; Temple Heights, Verona Park, Rtna and Madison, Me. Societies wishing his services for the month of December, '93, also for March and May, '94, address him at 547 Bank street, New London, Conn.

W. H. Bach has completed his camp-meeting work and will remain in the Northwest until October 1st. He goes to Denver, Colo., for October and November; Aberdeen, S. D., for December, and East for January 1st. He can be engaged for short engagements at points in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and northern Illinois for the next six weeks. Those wishing his services should address at once, W. H. Bach, 57 Tanglehart street, St. Paul, Minn.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A. WILLIS.

Materializing Medium.

264 E. Third St., Cincinnati.

Will hold circles Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons at 2 o'clock. Every evening Monday and Saturday excepted at 8 o'clock. Take Fifth street cars running east to Third and Lock.

No one admitted without recommendation or introduction from some well known spiritualist.

Mrs. A. L. Pennell,

Business and Test Medium.

64 Carlisle Ave., CINCINNATI.

sittings daily.

MRS. J. K. MYERS

Trumpet Medium.

98 Betts St., CINCINNATI, O.

Private and public sittings daily, except Saturday, from 10 a. m. till 7 p. m. None but those well recommended by some well known spiritualist admitted.

MRS. JENNINGS DONOVAN

Independent State-Writer.

525 McMullan St., Walnut Hills, CINCINNATI.

Will also give trance sittings daily, Wednesday and Sunday excepted.

Mrs. Josephine Ropp,

Trumpet and Test Medium.

534 Powers St., Cumminsville, CINCINNATI.

Will hold circles on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays at two and eight o'clock p. m., and Saturdays at 8 p. m.

MRS. A. M. ROBINSON,

PSYCHOMETRIST.

Room 28, Hutchins Block, cor. Pennsylvania and Ohio streets.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Will give sittings by letter. All questions carefully considered by her guides. Send lock of hair and own handwriting. Enclose \$1.00.

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Locust street, near Sanders, Mt. Auburn, CINCINNATI.

Will give sittings for information and tests every day, Tuesdays and Saturdays excepted.

Psychometry,

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Send lock of hair, SEX, DATE, and PLACE of birth hour, if known. 50 cents brief, \$1.00 full reading.

JAMES J. PAUL,

288 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

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Mrs. A. B. Severance, the world-renowned psychometrist, has always been noted for her wonderful powers in diagnosing and prescribing for diseases, also in giving character readings as well as past and future events, adaptation of those intending marriage, adaptation to business and business advice. But of late she has had a renewed development, which enables her to give greater tests in those directions than ever before. Send hair or handwriting. Full delineation \$2.00 and 4-cent stamps. Brief delineation \$1.00 and 4-cent stamps.

Address: MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, 1300 Main Street, White Water, Waltham Co., Wis.

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By a Bohemian Gypsy, Astrologer, Clairvoyant, Seer, and Clairvoyant.

Send age, color of eyes and hair, in handwriting. Address: G. WELLES, 22 Clinton street, Newark, N. J.

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A clairvoyant and magnetic healer. Send 3 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, sex, and one leading symptom, and I will send you a full and correct diagnosis of your case. Address: DR. W. F. LAY, Box 413, Denver, Col.

Mrs. Lillie's New Pamphlet.

MY CANCELLED ENGAGEMENTS—WHY?

This treatise of a matter in which all Spiritualists should be interested. It can be procured only of the author. Address: Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Lily Dale, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

Price 15 cents.

YOU CAN HAVE GOOD EYESIGHT.

Melted pebble spectacles restore lost vision. Write for illustrated circular and how to be cured by my new clairvoyant method. Spectacles sent by mail.

HOW TO LIVE ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

A new method of treating the eyes, the catarrh, and, in fact, the entire system. Send two 2-cent stamps, and I will send printed information, also photograph of my spirit guide who revealed this knowledge to me.

B. F. POOLE,

CLINTON, IOWA.

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OF Hemorrhoids by using DR. J. W. DeHOOG'S ELECTRIC OINTMENT. It will cure internal, external, and bleeding piles in a remarkably short time. This Ointment is indeed a Marvel of Healing. Send 2-cent stamp for particulars and circular. Sample jar 75 cents. Agents Wanted. Address: 270 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

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Do You Wish to Develop Mediumship?

Psyche, the Developing Cabinet, is made under the instructions of my developing influences, and will materially aid the unfoldment of your mediumistic powers. Send stamp for descriptive circular. Price \$1. Postage 20 cents.

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HOW TO WIN.

—Sure Secrets of Success in Life. New and sure, nothing like them. How to Produce the Hypnotic State, and how to use it for the purpose of paying balance, or return book in 10 days. One hundred page pamphlet to cents. Address: National Institute, L. T. B., 181 State St., Chicago.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Send two 2-cent stamps, your name and age, and a lock of your hair, and I will send you a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free. Address: J. C. BATDORF, M. D.

President of the Magnetic Institute, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

ARE YOU A MEDIUM?

I am aware of the fact that there are many people possessed of the power to develop independent clairvoyance. You have failed to develop for the reason they did not understand the requirements and conditions of their guides. It has been thirteen years since I developed a remarkable phase, and since that time many of the best mediums in the United States have developed through the directions of my hand. I make this offer to those who are mediumistic. Send me your full name and age, in your own handwriting, and enclose one dollar and two stamps and I will give you a complete life reading. I will tell you also the exact time to sit for development, and send you a pair of my double magnetized slates. You can also ask five questions if you desire. This offer is only good for one month. Clairvoyant readings and slates sittings given at my residence, 54 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL

for the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Professional attention, strict privacy and home comforts. Electricity and massage scientifically applied. Consultation free. Charges moderate. Address: DR. J. W. DEHOOG, 270 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati.

THE NEW BOOK.

Ten Test Circles, or the Law of Conditions is now ready, and will be sent postpaid, bound in cloth, on receipt of one dollar. This book contains an accurate account of the effect of conditions upon spirit manifestations as experienced in ten circles held under various conditions for the purpose of studying their influences. It points out some of the dangers of having bad conditions in a circle, as well as the great work which properly conducted circles may accomplish. If you understand the conditions in a circle you can fortify the kind of phenomena it will produce, or knowing the results of a circle you can correctly read its influence on the spirit and reversed condition that every person interested in spirit communication or the science of Spiritualism should read. Address all orders to JAMES L. DOW, Room 416 Harrow Building, Duluth, Minn.

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Will send by letter a life-reading of the Past and Future with DATES. Mail lock of hair and One Dollar. Prof. HENRY W. SINCLAIR, 221 West Avenue, JACKSON, MICH.

Reliable Offer.

Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, sex, one leading symptom, and I will diagnose your disease free with the aid of spirit power. DR. S. S. WILLIAMS, Lake Geneva, Wis.

YES YOU CAN

Get well. Send \$1 for a Bottle of Elixir of Life. A spirit remedy. Purely Vegetable, and Magnetized. Positively renews life. Thousands rejoice over health restored. For blood, liver and kidney ailments there is no better remedy made. Send for circular. DR. E. K. MYERS, CLINTON, IOWA.

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS

May be Addressed Until Further Notice GLENORA, YATES COUNTY, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED

ATI, O.
TS GENERALLY.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Mrs. Josephy, corresponding secretary of the Haslett Park Association, will take subscriptions for the *Light of Truth*.

—Dr. S. S. Baldwin has removed his office to 240 Hopkins street, near Lincoln Park. His office hours are from 9 to 10 a. m., and from 1 to 2 and 5 to 6 p. m.

—E. J. Bowtell lectured for the Spiritualists Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., August 15th and 16th, wishes to make engagements for future dates. Address 442 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—In last "Fair Correspondence" the four groups of statuary that adorn the corners of the Agricultural Building was made to read "four roses" instead of "four faces." We trust our readers will excuse the error in our rush of business.

—Frank T. Ripley, writes from Lake Brady "Charlie Barnes is a great medium in every sense of the word. He is wonderful, and convinces more skeptics than any other medium. He guides talk through the trumpet in every known language."

—We have received innumerable letters from the most prominent Spiritualists and mediums in the case, promising their support and sympathy in the future, just having realized, apparently, the true worth and influence of the *Light of Truth*.

—A politician who does not read the papers can never succeed in his undertakings. To know what is good for the cause of Spiritualism one should keep posted on all that pertains to it. The *Light of Truth* furnishes all the news; subscribe for it.

—Mrs. Ada Foye, inspirational lecturer and platform test medium, has postponed her visit to the Pacific Coast until next year. Spiritual societies desiring her services during the coming season will please address her immediately at Chicago, Ill. P. O. Box 517.

—Mrs. A. E. Kibby has returned to us safe and sound from her Western tour—Aspen, Colo., and portions of California. She speaks highly of the country she visited and the people, and to judge by appearances the trip has added to her health. She is now at home again, and open for engagements. Those desiring her services can address her at 153 Locust street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

—The last management of the *Better Way* and the present one of the *Light of Truth* is serene in the consciousness of having never willfully injured a contemporary, a medium, or a member of the cause. On this principle it hopes to survive all obstacles placed in its way by opponents, and trusts in the good sense of the main body of Spiritualists to appreciate such a course, and uphold the paper that pursues it. Charity costs nothing; therefore, we, as Spiritualists, should not be chary in its dispensation.

—Professor Kortschell's "Sun Either Ray Apparatus" is an automatic magnetic healer, and may be called into requisition at any time without delay or extra charge beyond the first payment; namely, the purchase of the "Apparatus." It can be placed to irradiate on any portion of the body with ease, giving no inconvenience to the patient. It produces favorable effects in all nervous disorders, fevers, and rheumatism. Testimonials say it is a remedy for all sleeplessness, and promotes the growth in plants—either recommending it as an invigorator. See advertisement in another column for particulars.

—The Ladies' Aid of the Philosophical Society met at their hall with Professor Ernst presiding. All business having been transacted it was decided to give test seances, which promise to be very interesting. The society owes thanks to Professor Ernst, President Ernst, Mrs. Wolf, Heck Cubal, and Schafstall for services rendered. Others might be mentioned who will be there, but let this suffice as a temptation to come and see for yourself. Every one may be assured of a good time, and leaving the hall benefited, besides having been the means of doing their share in the good work of fostering a grand cause and aiding a very worthy society, every Friday at 2:30 p. m., at their hall, southeast corner of Fourteenth and Central avenue. Mrs. Pennell will hold a circle for the benefit of the society on Saturday evening at 479 Vine street, flat 5. Admission 10 cents. As a very important business meeting will be held at the hall on Friday night, all members are particularly requested to be present.

—Dr. John E. Pardon, mentioned in Hudson Tuttle's "Psychic Science," has an article in last week's *Open Court*, of Chicago, on "The Higher Spiritualism—Space and Matter." The writer treats Spiritualism from a mathematical standpoint, using figures to demonstrate his logic. In a closing paragraph of his article the doctor says: "Whether the void has any real existence or not, is merely a matter of words, and whether the individualized spirit of a man, who once lived on this earth, reappears through another man, and shows his presence by signs, is also a matter of words and definitions. But whether each earthly man has an organism, constructed out of elements of feeling, that nearest experience we have of spirit, which survives the death of the body, is no longer a matter of words, but of very hard science. If its existence can not be determined experimentally it must be justified from an analysis of the laws of operations of the human mind, in their relation to the natural possibilities pointed out to us by the suggestions of pure mathematics."

—The Ladies' Aid of the Union Society met in Mrs. McCracken's parlors, 603 Freeman avenue, on Wednesday afternoon, 16th inst. A large number of ladies came out on this warm day to take part in these pleasant meetings. In number of mediums present, and the very satisfactory results attained this was one of the best. Mrs. Greensmeyer's control talked and gave some most excellent tests. To attempt to describe them would occupy more space than we could reasonably ask. Mrs. Wolf also gave a number of tests that were very gratifying to the recipients. In the number of mediums present was a very young lady controlled for the first time and from what they were able to say in their first effort there surely will be a bright future for her. She will be present at the next meeting, as it was unanimously agreed to hold another meeting at the same place in two weeks that will be August 30th, and you are most cordially invited to come. Our faithful sister Mrs. Chapin rendered fine music, pleasing to both spirit and mortal. And as the hour to close drew nigh, with many regrets friends said good by.

Dear sisters all, of liberal mind,
On freedom's mission bent,
Join with us here and you shall find
Time in freedom's cause well spent.
The field is large, there is work to do
For all who feel inclined,
Come, sister true, the work to do
Is help to bless mankind.
Will you lend a helping hand to day—
Angel friends do beckon you,
'Tis the most effective way to pray
Doing the good that you can do.
And when you pass the dividing line
Your life in this review
Your joy so one can then define,
Having lived a life so true.

Haslett Park Camp.

The week just past has been one of unremitting interest. Mrs. Lillie arrived on the grounds Monday, much to the surprise and delight of all. Tuesday, Mr. Howe gave one of his grand inspirational lectures, lifting his hearers on to higher plains of thought. Wednesday Prof. Edmunds gave an interesting lecture, closing with tests. Thursday was memorial day. Mrs. Lillie gave the opening address followed by Mr. Howe, Mrs. Sheets, and Miss Judson. The service was very beautiful and effective, but not at all sad for the beauty and grandeur of spirit life was made too manifest for that regret for the arisen. Friday, Dr. Sarah Allen spoke, taking subjects from the audience and closing with tests. Saturday, Mrs. Lillie spoke to a very large audience. One of the questions presented, "Can we love our enemies?" brought out an especially fine train of thought. The speaker said yes we can love them in the highest sense by being just to them. Being just, one can be generous, and generous one can be in a condition of love towards all. Not the love that would give a Judas kiss and say pleasant things that come from the lips only, but that higher love, which is justice that would see no wrong done friend or foe. Miss Judson gave two lectures presenting much elevating and spiritualizing thought. She went from here to Vicksburg, Mr. Howe consented to remain with us longer than usual. With so many present we had most excellent conference meetings. Much more might be said of entertainments, dances, circles and general mediumistic work but, space forbids; Mrs. Lillie's lectures to day were beyond the power of description. She seemed to gather force, power, and unanswerable logic with every word. At the close of the afternoon lecture upon the urgent invitation of the speaker and others, Mr. Howe addressed the people briefly and was received with applause. Mrs. Dunham opened the conference meeting in the evening. Yours in the work, E. F. JOSSELYN.

Mt. Pleasant Park.

The intensely hot and dry weather from which the camp has been suffering, continued until Thursday evening. August 20th, when the long drought was broken by a welcome shower.

Monday afternoon Mrs. E. A. Hammett, of Facinias, Cal., occupied the rostrum. Mrs. Hammett is devoting her time to the object of raising money for a mediums' home at the above named place.

The principal point of interest on Tuesday was the memorial services and memorial address by Professor Loveland, the subject of which was, "The Beauty of Death." The following is a synopsis of this address:

"It has been the great effort of Christianity to incarnate all that is repulsive and terrible in our conception of death. In the proclamations of the pulpit it has been the summing of the mournful and horrible. Death is the dark cloud obscuring all the brightness of life's sunny days. He is a savage beast, lying in ambush, and is ready to spring on the passing traveler and tear him to pieces. He is a bony skeleton, grasping a dart, pointed with a poison sting, mounted on a pale horse, and riding with a restless stride over the prostrate forms of men. He is the incarnation of the endless, burning hate of the Christian, Jehovah seeking to glut his raging wrath in the unending torture of his helpless victims. Death is the entrance way to where vengeance reigns and billows roar, to roll amid the burning flames, till thousands and thousands of years are over. 'Still sunk in shades of endless night, to groan and gasp in ceaseless pain. And never more behold the light, and never, never, hope again.' Pollock, the poet of orthodox, sees, in the caverns of hell, the lake of fire, whose waves 'against the rocks of dark damnation break,' also a worm, or serpent kind, grasping its folds what seemed some human heart, which turned but ever vainly turned, but still the monstrous beast 'with the sting of head or tail transfixed it, bleeding evermore.' And there were groans which ended not, and sighs which ever sighed, and tears which ever fell, but not in mercy's sight."

"Even the sweet souled Longfellow has a very sorrowful plaint in view of death. He sings: 'The air is full of lamentations and mournings for the dead: Rachel for her children crying, will not be comforted.' Is it any wonder that men should become debased and craven, with such a monstrous ideal constantly thrust upon them?"

"The only possible effect is a groveling fear—an unresisting subservience to the ruling despot of heaven. The next inevitable step is slavish submission to earthly tyrants who represent him. It is strange that a priestly despotism should be built on this infernal falsehood, and that woman, with her intense and loving nature, wildly seeking comfort from the ravages of death should become a victim of the confessional, with all its unutterable and damnable pollutions and degradations? The spiritual dispensation has come none too soon to stem this dark and turbid tide of terror and desolation; none too soon to lift high the golden banner of hope and love, and to grapple and throttle this many-headed dragon, born in the cesspool of ignorant superstition, and inspired by the malignant spirit of bigotry; and none too soon to join hands with the flowering, fruiting science of today in proclaiming death to be the equal partner of life in soul-unfolding."

"Yes, more than that, as one of the dual factors in the evolution of man's eternal destiny. Death is the analytic, life the sympathetic function of the infinite wholeness in the onward march of eternal progress. Death precedes, life follows. Death prepares; it is the great disintegrator, digester of the materials which life uses to build up her marvelous forms."

"We are as physical beings, dying every moment. Death is segregating the worn-out material and expelling it from our organizations, so that life may use the new material to make new tissue for use. In a very strong sense we can affirm that death is the primary basic function of life."

"In the operations of the mortal organizations the same law rules. Analysis segregates the various concepts, opinions, and beliefs, so that the false can be expelled or rejected, and then the sympathetic power builds up the truthful system of thought and action."

"Spiritualism has come to unfold and proclaim the death. Poetry, which is one form of inspiration, has all along the age given some bright glimpses of this beauty in spite of the dark pall of churchly superstition. Even Longfellow at times catches the true light, and cries out in joy. 'There is no death, what seems so is transition.' He is sure that 'this mortal life is but the suburb of the life of eternity, whose portals we call death.' In that beautiful poem entitled 'A Surprise,' the bereaved one takes his lamp, turns the key; 'alone, he and she,' he invokes her to tell him the greatest surprise of dying. After passionately invoking the ascended soul, the answer comes; the greatest wonder is this: 'I see you, and hear you and kiss you, dear, and am your angel who was your bride, and know that though dead I have never died. Beautiful thought, death has transformed the companion into an angel."

"Edwin Arnold, the author of this poem, in another entitled, 'Death in Arabia,' has most wonderfully stated the beauty of death. Surveying the mourners around his body, he says, 'Weep not, why not? that body is a hut which I am quitting, is a garment no more fitting, is a cage from which, like a hawk, my soul hath fled.'"

"Sympathizing with these, who, in their blindness could only say, 'Abdullah's dead.' He says: 'Weep, if ye faint sunshine, still must follow rain, only not at death, for death, I know, is the first breath of that life, which is, of all life, centre."

"Victor Hugo has some of the most beautiful sentences bearing on this subject I have ever read. I can only quote two or three. He says: 'I feel in my self the future life. I am like a forest which has been often cut down, but the young shoots are more vigorous than ever. Winter is on my head, but eternal Spring is in my heart. When I lay down my body I can say with many another, I have finished my day's work, but I can not say I have finished my life's work. I shall begin my day's work the next morning. Death is not a blind alley, but a thoroughfare. The dead is not even absent.'"

"But Pollock, quoted before, in a moment of true inspiration, gave us one of the finest poetical gems of the English language. It is his description of the young mother dying at the birth of her first child. Her babe, at her request, was placed beside her. 'God bless my child, he heard her say, and heard no more. And then her eyes grew bright—too bright for ours to look upon, suffused with tears. They set as sets the morning star, which goes not down behind the darkened west, nor hides amidst the tempest of the sky, but melts away into the light of heaven.'"

"Who could wish a fate more glorious, a change more beautiful. The morning star has lost nothing of its brightness, but shines at the moment as brightly as ever. The greater light has enveloped it for a moment, but it is still the 'sun of the morning.' The soul may melt away into the light of the spiritual sun until our eyes shall master its brightness, and then we shall see it again. Death is not going into shadows; it is emerging into the full-orbed splendors of a cloudy day. It is not a descent into the dark valleys; it is ascending the beautiful hills, the evergreen mountains of life. Death is not the night, but the morning of an endless day. It is not a dirge, but a symphony. Has death a sting? The soul has not felt it. The sting of death is the sharp knife which cuts asunder the bonds of the flesh, which holds the impassioned soul in the bondage of time. Has the grave a victory? He has only got his own. Let him keep it. The soul has lost nothing—has met with no defeat. On the contrary it has won a triumph. Put on a crown, and become a lord of life. Death is not going out into silence; it is the first strain of an endless song. It is not the closing of the eyes, but opening them on scenes of growing beauty and splendor. It is not the setting of our sun, but its rising—not the evening, but the morning of eternity's endless day. Death is the usher, who takes us gently by the hand, unbids the fetters of sense, and leads into the paradise of souls immortal."

"How greatly we misinterpret the experience of mortal beings, and lament over the changes of time. We are prone to look back, and think our traveled path is strewn with wrecks—lost in the silence of our secret grief we have baptized, with burning tears, the cherished shrine of a buried, but still living love. Memory, like the freshing wind o'er smoldering fire, rouses up the old agony afresh. The leaden weight, the icy chill of our despair has clung to us through all the weary years. Oh! how we cursed both God and death, when the ideal of our being, the love of our soul was torn from our arms. But death is the great revelator, and in the light he flashes round us we meet our other self, only to find that we have never been parted. That 'somewhere in the eternities means everywhere in the eternities.'"

"Time nor space can separate 'two hearts that beat as one.' Death reveals to us the heretofore unseen fact that those hours of torture, those throes of bitter anguish, those baptisms of choking grief were only the refining fires, the purifying illustrations fitting us for the holiness of heavenly life. And the overflowing heart of sympathetic love proved the balm of

comfort over the raging tide of our passionate despair in every instance, and made us more perfectly one. Behold your ocean—how it heaves and swells, then sinks away to its common level. Loving, mourning mothers, you carry in your heart of hearts the image of your buried babe. At times your grief surges up within like the surging sea. The clouds of sorrow pour out the showers of tears. Then comes a calm, sometimes a peace. The ocean swells are pulsations of its mighty force. Your tides of grief are the times when the mighty love vibrations of your inmost soul go out to your spirit child, and build up its unfolding life just as really as its physical life grew when it lay beneath the beating heart. And the calm succeeding was the return wave from the child-life, beautifying thy inner life with the fragrance of the flowers of paradise. Death is not the king of terrors, but of glory. He lifts the everlasting gates—unbars the bolted doors that the king may enter. Who is the king? The soul, regal in its nature, conqueror over time and its accidents, and an heir of eternity. Death leads the triumphal march. Death is the resurrection, the soul's accession to higher form of being. The emergence from the chrysalis state to the winged freedom of the upper spheres. Resurrection includes the dual process of what we call death and birth, one mode of life is left—that is death. Another mode of life is entered on—that is birth."

"In the physical birth the law is manifest. The child has been sustained by the blood—the life of the mother, but the bond is severed, fetal life ends, and its independent life begins. It is resurrected from a parasitical life to one of individual selfhood. So the soul leaves the physical body, that form of life ceases, and soul-life, in its perfectness, begins. It breathes native air. Whichever way we turn, from whatever standpoint we look, the beauty of death, as the culmination of time's tireless energies, shines on us like a glorious sun. All hail! beautiful death, epilogue of time and prologue of eternity."

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, one of the best and most favorably known mediums and exponents of the spiritual philosophy, arrived in camp from Aspen, Colo., and Beatrice, Neb., where she has been speaking to crowded houses, and laboring in the cause of education, temperance, and practical social reforms. She was cordially greeted by the camp officers and many old friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Drake will remain with us until the assembling of the World's Fair Spiritual Congress, August 21st, in which she will take part, after which she will attend the national convention of Spiritualists in Chicago in September. All who are interested in the progress of liberal, advanced thought are watching the grand fight Mrs. Drake's husband, Mr. J. S. Drake, is making in Kansas City, Mo., in vindication of his wife's rights under the laws and constitution of Missouri and the United States. Mrs. Drake, has, in all six cases in the United States Circuit, and Criminal Courts of Kansas City, growing out of the persecutions of his wife by the officials of Kansas City. Mr. Drake has put himself on record that he has not commenced these cases, nor is he prosecuting them for any other purpose than to vindicate his wife's rights under the laws of the land, and her right to teach and demonstrate the truths of her religious beliefs—the continuity of life, and the power of spirit-return."

Incidentally this gallant fight is in the interest of hundreds of other mediums, who are, or may be similarly persecuted, but have not the ability, financial and legal, to contend against bigotry and religious fanaticism, such as instigated the Kansas City officials, who mistook Mrs. Drake for a defenseless woman."

There are many most excellent mediums on the campground of whom I would like to give a more extended notice than a mere mention of their name, and which I shall endeavor to do in my next letter.

I will now mention Mr. Max Hoffman, of Chicago, clairvoyant, platform test, and healing medium. Mr. Hoffman is as yet a young man, and has been before the public but a short time, but from present indications bids fair to become one of our most noted mediums."

Mrs. A. Stevens, Stanberry, Mo., test, business, and development, is a quiet and unassuming lady, but one who is not only a good medium, but one who can be depended upon as honest and true."

I must not omit mention of the obliging and efficient officers of the association. Professor J. S. Loveland, of Sumnerland, Cal., the president, is too well and favorably known to need many words from anyone. That he is a ripe scholar and deep thinker is well attested by his opening and memorial addresses, extracts from which have already been published in the *Light of Truth*.

Mrs. Anna Orvis, of Chicago, the vice-president, is also well known to the public as one of the leading speakers on the spiritual rostrum, and has already been mentioned in these columns."

Mr. Will C. Hodge, of Chicago, the genial and efficient Secretary, seems to be the right man in the right place. He is at his post early and late and is ever watchful of the interests and comfort of the campers."

L. P. Wheelock, of Moline, Ill., treasurer and superintendent of the grounds, is one of the hardest workers to be found in camp. He not only directs, but is ever busy at work with his own hands, keeping everything in perfect order."

Mrs. O. A. Blodgett, of Davenport, Iowa, secretary of the Ladies Independent Union, has charge of the lodging hotel. She is an efficient and busy worker, and the comfort and interests of the lodgers do not suffer at her hands."

In this connection I must not omit mention of the name of Mrs. L. H. Denison, New Boston, Ill., who has charge of the ladies' bazaar and camp postoffice. Her services are probably called for more frequently than anyone in camp."

H. M. ROBINSON.

From Our Fair Correspondent.

Have you ever stopped to inquire who was the builder of this "Fair City"? Whose genius transformed the desert of sandy dunes and swales, where gnarled oaks guarded sedgy fens, which the lake inundated and desolated, into beautiful islands rioting in bloom, with their terraced banks touching quiet waters under overshadowing palaces? Mind is written everywhere and to that we must turn for explanation. There are four men who made this marvel of the nineteenth century—Olmstead and Henry S. Codman, Burnham, and Root. Two, Codman and Root, died ere the work was done. Olmstead and Codman were the landscape architects, and submitted a park plan which had been cherished by them for years. Though Jackson Park looked desolate, nature then gave them a hint of great possibilities, which they were not slow to accept. The lake wanted to come in and possess the land, and they could make use of her as part of their beautiful plan, by digging deep channels for her course, they confined her limits and obtained soil to make solid the land about."

Thus beauty was honored in even the mechanical part of the work, in that the soil and water were put to their best use without waste of power or materials. The beautiful terraces, the finest in the world, are the work of Codman, whose death followed soon upon that of Root."

The latter is the master architect of the fair. Mark, I do not say *was*, but *is*, for in truth his spirit carried on the work his living presence left incomplete. Had it not been so, I doubt if the heavy responsibility which, by his death, fell upon his colleague—could have been borne nobly has his thought been carried out in these beautiful buildings. They realize the poet's vision in the lines:

White palaces beside the "unsalted sea,"
Like sunny castles in my Spain ye rise,
And reel and circle in the glorious skies.
Again the Grecian trimmes seem to me
Afloat on sapphire seas, and lithe and free,
The nymphs asport with laughter-brimming eyes,
And temple, shrine, or niche but multiplies
The dwellings of its own divinity.
Ye are the exhalations of a soul
Who, in unfolding all his glorious thought,
Poised rapturously above all grosser things,
Pierced the beyond, and scoring all control
Of tethering ties, new realms of beauty sought,
Divinely borne on inspiration's wings.

Frank L. Millet, of New York, was the inspiration of much of the decorative painting that we find upon the buildings. In the art gallery we find some paintings in oil from his brush."

He does work of fine finish that savors of the exquisite. Note especially his "Antony Van Corlaer, the Trumpeter," a boastful gallant to whom the maid is eagerly listening."

"At the Inn" is a charming thing in color and lighting. A periwigged traveler, seated at a table is attended by a pretty serving maid. You can weave the story for yourself."

Augustus St. Gaudens, our foremost American sculptor, suggested the elaborate sculptural decoration of the buildings for which every lover of art is deeply indebted to him."

He is the leader of these Americans, who go to Paris for their training. Ever since the Gothic Ages France has had one, two, or more fine sculptors, but within the last twenty-five years she has earned the first place. She stands for the third period in that proud list of three art periods—the first of which was the Greek-Roman period, the second, the Renaissance Period, from Donatello to Michael Angelo."

The latter that Moses in art has been called, metaphysically, the master of rottenness, because there was decay in Italy's art from his time. All succeeding artists lived under the shadow of his overpowering greatness. In initiating him they lost their own individuality, borrowed his faults but achieved not the master's spirit. Despite their lovely marble, their art to-day has degenerated to triviality and the muse of intelligence and sentiment has taken up her abode with the French sculptors. Some day, soon indeed, this self-same music will wing her way to our glad shores, as she has in turn visited all great nations until their decline drove her elsewhere."

In Paul Dubois we have the leader of the new French school that has put classicism behind and nurtures individual talent. The thought of the nineteenth century finds a crispness of expression in their marbles, and romance veils the story in suggestion. To return, however, to St. Gaudens we find nothing from his hand except the gilded Diana which circles on the Dome of the Agricultural Building. This is not his best work having been done hurriedly, and first placed in New York, the noble statue of Columbus, that stands in front of the Administration Building was the conception of his brother Louis, afterwards carried out by Miss Mary Lawrence under the guidance of Augustus himself, who formed the magnificent head."

This alone rivets the gaze, which the simplicity of outline in figure and drapery leave you free to enjoy to the full."

The face is beardless like the Lotto portrait, and is seamed with the anxieties of the voyage. The head is thrown back giving him a fearless but rapt expression as he looked out and beyond what eye can discern. Columbus was a lofty mountain peak in history. The awful loneliness of a great man was his. This it is that the sculptor has imprisoned in those eyes, and, as we look into them, we feel that we stand "where angels would fear to tread."

Art critics pronounce this statue of Columbus the finest in the world."

Maple Dell.

Sunday, July 30th: Music, address by Mr. Herrick, "Shadows and Sunshine." Sister Cora Richmond was then ordained as a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism."

Brother Kellogg spoke briefly, saying: "We are familiar with such names as Wesley, Wilberforce, and a host of others; names that will stand as long as the world stands, but I know of no name that will take a higher place than that of the lady we are about to ordain. There is no need of eulogies. The world knows her. To-day over a hundred thousand men and women are on spiritualistic camp grounds. Do not tell us we are laboring in vain."

After presenting her with ordination papers, Mrs. Richmond responded in her usual eloquent way and closed by giving a poem on ordination. She also gave an interesting talk on our occupation in spirit life on Monday afternoon."

Tuesday morning: On account of the illness of Mr. Danforth, Dr. Ball acted as president pro tem. Invocation; address by Mrs. Richmond, subject, "Psychic Atmosphere." She said that every person, plant, or animal is surrounded by an aura in a greater or less degree according to conditions. At the close questions were asked in regard to psychic laws or those governing individuals. All points were made clear. The lecture was instructive in the extreme. The same afternoon our eloquent sister departed for Cassadaga. She has been an aid and ornament to our camp and made many friends by her quiet unassuming manner. Our blessing will follow her throughout all time."

In the afternoon the time was occupied by Mr. Herrick in an interesting though somewhat aggressive lecture. In the evening mediums' meeting."

Wednesday morning: lessons by Prof. King. These morning lessons are gems of our camp work. In the evening music and miscellaneous speeches."

Thursday: development of mediums; songs, speeches, and psychic work."

Friday: tests, delineations by Mrs. Dr. Clemens. Though claiming nothing she is one of the best test mediums, truthful and reliable. May she meet with the success she so richly deserves."

MERCIA BOYNTON LANE.

Lockport, N. Y.—A correspondent writes that Dr. H. T. Stanley delivered a fine lecture, followed by platform tests on Sunday, the 13th inst. Being controlled by his Indian guide, the tests proved some of the best ever given from this platform. Every one was recognized by the friends present, and enjoyed with much relish. The following Sunday the doctor duplicated the services to the gratification of all participants."

Vicksburg Camp.

Camp opened at lovely Frazer Grove, Vicksburg, Mich., Thursday, August 10th. The grounds had been put in fine order by Miss Jeannette Frazer, and several improvements greeted the eye of the new-comer."

The new lodging-house contains fourteen rooms and a sitting room, all well equipped with new and comfortable furniture, nice clean, woven wire spring beds, etc.; a dining hall, where the meals are unsurpassed, and a large number of tents."

The auditorium was handsomely decorated with the national colors and green boughs from the forest, and a large audience greeted the eloquent Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, at his opening address and afternoon lecture. Alfred Kyzer, of Kalamazoo, presided as chairman of the meeting. The audience was highly favored with several beautiful songs with guitar, autoharp, and organ accompaniment by Mrs. Lora Holton, who has charge of the music for the entire season. The music consists mainly of her own and C. P. Longley's compositions."

Farmer Riley, of Marcellus, gave a successful seance Saturday evening."

A lovely day, with other attractions, conspired to mark the opening day at this camp as one of enjoyment and rest."

Mrs. Anna Orvis, of Chicago, arrived Friday."

A dance took place Friday evening, and a musical and literary entertainment on Saturday evening."

The meeting closes August 27th, and so the good work goes on."

L. H. HURSON.

A Delicious Drink.

HORSFORD'S PHOSPHATE ACID.

For a right good and lasting cool drink, take Horsford's Acid Phosphate with ice water and sugar.

Camp-Meetings for 1893.

Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., from July 30 to Sept. 3.
Haslett Park, Mich., from July 27th to August 28th.
Cassadaga, N. Y., July 21st to August 27th.
Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., July 30th, to August 28th.
Ashley, O., August 20th to September 4th.
Verona Park, Maine, August 13th to 27th.
Liberal, Mo., August 19 to September 4.
Lake Brady, July 2 to September 3.
Etna, Me., August 18 to September 3.
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 30 to August 27.
Vicksburg, Mich., August 11-27.
Onset, Mass., July 9 to August 27.
Parkland, Pa., July 16 to September 10.
Delphos, Kan., August 11 to 27.
Snanapee Lake, N. H., August 13 to 27.
Niantic, Conn., July 1 to September 5.

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them."

Dr. C. J. Barnes will act as our agent at Lake Brady Camp. Subscribe for the *Light of Truth*.

Rowley's Occult Telegraph.

This is the greatest mystery of the nineteenth century, and at the same time a well-attested scientific fact. Through this remarkable instrument spirit Dr. Wells, now so well known throughout the world, diagnoses and prescribes for patients everywhere, and very seldom, if ever, fails to perfect a permanent cure where the most eminent physicians have failed. All this is accomplished through the mediumship of W. S. ROWLEY, M. D., who has taken a course in homeopathy and is also a graduate of Rush Medical College of Chicago, allopathy and the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, O., and therefore is fully competent to carry out any and all instructions and please the interests of all schools of medicine. For the next three months, in order to increase the circulation of the *Light of Truth* as a matter of personal friendship, I will send diagnosis and medicine to last two weeks and the *Light of Truth* for ONE YEAR for \$1.00 to all new patients and non-subscribers. Old subscribers can subscribe for as many of their friends who are not taking this paper. Regular patients, by sending \$1.00 for three treatments in advance, can have *Light of Truth* sent to any address for one year free. Send for circulars to A. Adams, W. S. ROWLEY, M. D., No. 6 Olden Park Place Cleveland O.